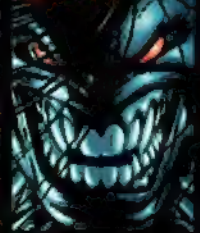


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**STILL
RIPPIN'!**



CREATED BY
DALE KEOWN

PENCILS,
INKS, STORY

COLORS

LETTERING

FILM
OUTPUT

LOGO

PRODUCTION
AND SCRIPT
ASSISTANCE

GRAPHIC DESIGN

DALE KEOWN

DALE KEOWN
BRAD HAFEEY

CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

KELL-O-GRAPHICS

CHANCE WOLF

NIK VAUGHAN

B. HAFEEY / N. VAUGHAN / H. HAMMETT-VAUGHAN

PITT #11 RECAP

After learning they are twin brothers, PITT and Timmy return to Connecticut. In the woods nearby, PITT is confronted by Quagg, a Creed warrior from PITT's past. Quagg injects PITT with stolen memories - flooding his mind with vivid recollections of his own birth and attempted murder by the hand of his evil half-brother, Wroth. (Thinking PITT was dead, Wroth had ordered Quagg to dispose of his body)

BACK IN THE PRESENT:

PITT has changed! His transformation, triggered by Quagg's injection, has wiped out PITT's human side, leaving him more savage than before...

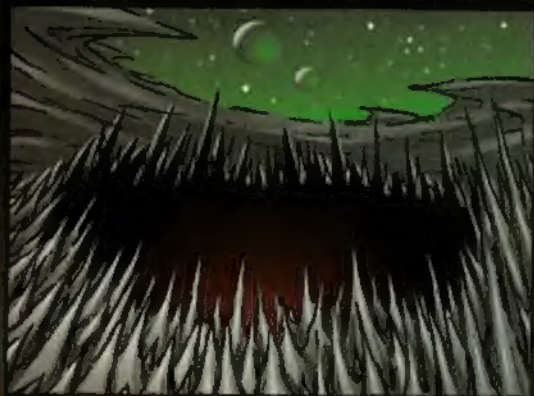


PITT Vol. 1, #12, December 1996, First Printing. Full Bleed Studios. \$1.95 U.S. /\$2.75 in Canada. PITT®, ZOYVOD™, & all other prominent characters and their distinctive likeness are registered trademark, and Copyright© Dale Keown 1995. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The entire contents of this book are registered trademark and Copyright© Dale Keown 1996. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of Dale Keown.

PRINTED IN CANADA

PITT'S BIRTHPLACE,
THE PLANET CREED...

IT WAS HERE
THAT HE FIRST
EXPERIENCED
BETRAYAL.



CAST INTO A DARK
CHASM FROM WHICH
NONE BEFORE HAD
ESCAPED.



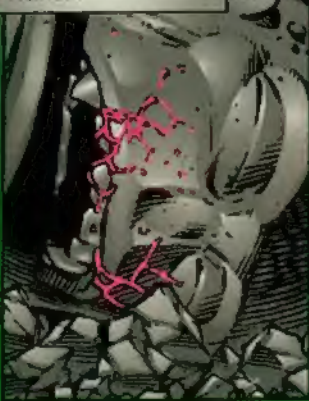
FOR WHAT SEEMED
LIKE AN ETERNITY,
HE FELL...



UNTIL FINALLY, THE
BOTTOM REACHED UP
AND EMBRACED HIM.

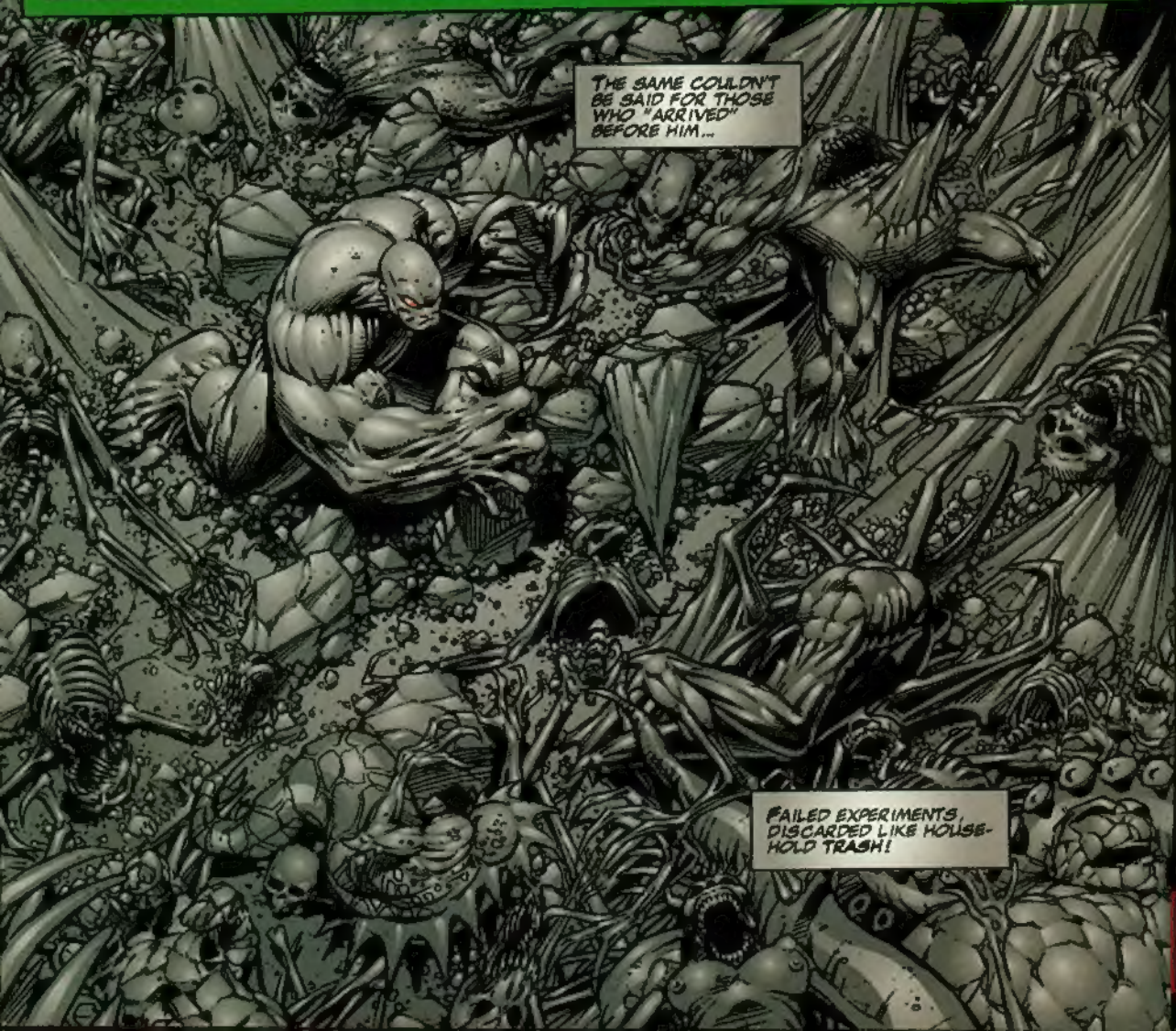
COLD, DAMP LIMESTONE,
AND THE TASTE OF HIS
OWN BLOOD...

NOT THE RECEPTION
ONE WOULD EXPECT
FOR A NEWBORN
PRINCE.



BUT, THANKS TO NEARLY
INVULNERABLE BODY TISSUE
AND A SUPERNATURAL HEALING
FACTOR, HE WAS ALIVE!

THE SAME COULDN'T
BE SAID FOR THOSE
WHO "ARRIVED"
BEFORE HIM...



FAILED EXPERIMENTS
DISCARDED LIKE HOUSE-
HOLD TRASH!



IT WOULD TAKE
HIM QUITE SOME
TIME TO REACH
THE SURFACE...

BUT THIS WAS
NO PLACE FOR
THE LIVING.



ZOVVOD CHOSE TO
MELD HUMAN DNA
WITH HIS OWN TO
CREATE A SPECIALIZED
HYBRID.

ONE WITH THE
PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES
OF A GOD, AND A
MIND BESTOWED
WITH ALL THAT IS
HUMAN...

...GOOD...

...AND
BAD.

CHANGING THE
HUNTED...

...INTO THE
HUNTER!

THE AGING CREED
WARRIOR SEALED
HIS FATE WHEN HE
CONFRONTED PITT
HERE ON EARTH.

AND, FOR QUAGG'S
OWN TWISTED REASONS,
THAT'S WHAT HE WANTED.

THIS ENCOUNTER
TRIGGERED A
PHYSIOLOGICAL
TRANSFORMATION...





A HALF MILE EAST OF HARTFORD, THE HOME OF TIMMY AND GRANDPA BRACKEN.



SCRATCH

SCRATCH



SCRATCH

SCRATCH

OKAY, BOY--

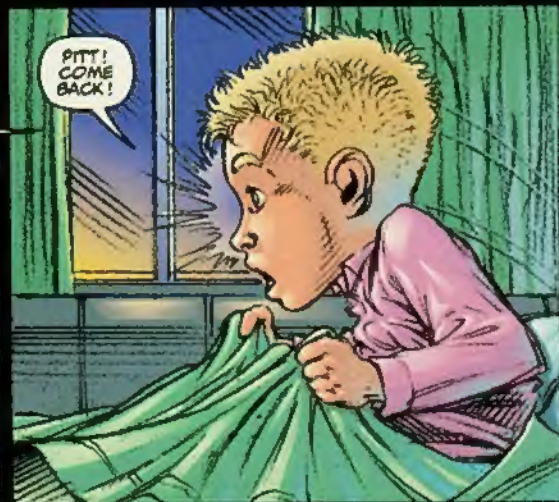


HUSH DOWN, THERE. IT'S SIX O'CLOCK IN TH' MORNIN'--YOU'LL WAKE TIMMY.

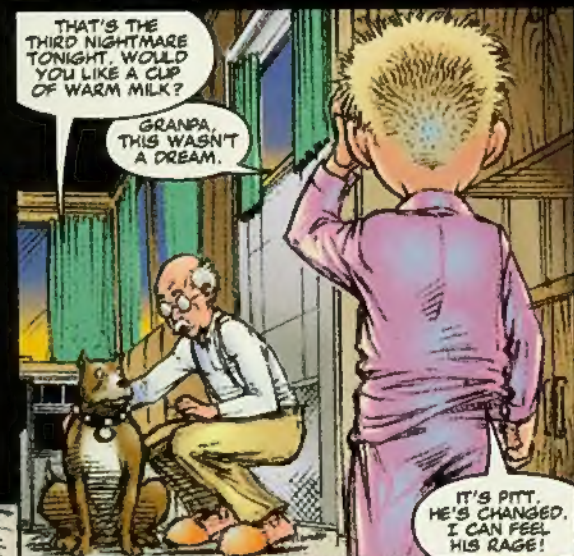
NO!!

TOO LATE.

UF!



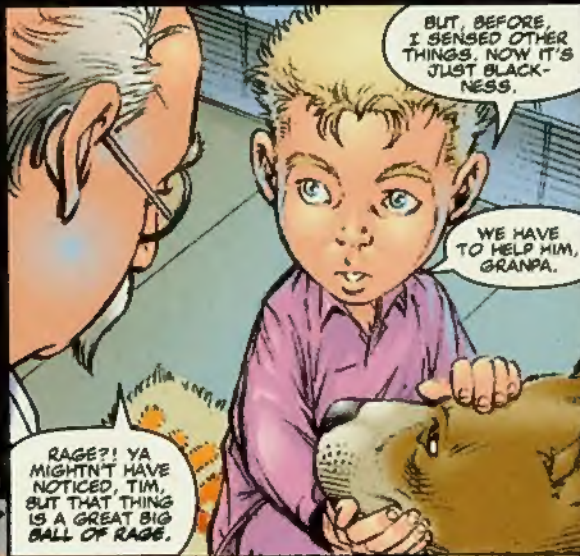
PITT! COME BACK!



THAT'S THE THIRD NIGHTMARE TONIGHT. WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF WARM MILK?

GRANPA, THIS WASN'T A DREAM.

IT'S PITT. HE'S CHANGED. I CAN FEEL HIS RAGE!



BUT, BEFORE, I SENSED OTHER THINGS. NOW IT'S JUST BLACKNESS.

WE HAVE TO HELP HIM, GRANPA.

RAGE?! YA MIGHTN'T HAVE NOTICED, TIM, BUT THAT THING IS A GREAT BIG BALL OF RAGE.



YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO HELP ANYONE. WHAT YOU NEED IS REST.



NO. I'M GOING, WITH OR WITHOUT YOU, CUZ WHETHER YOU REALIZE IT OR NOT--HE'S FAMILY.



NEW YORK CITY.

BROOKLYN NAVAL YARD.
ONLY A FAINT HUM PROVIDES
ANY CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS
OF AXIOM'S SECRET HEAD-
QUARTERS...



OH GOOD.
RAI-KEE, YOU'RE
HERE--

IT
SOUNDED
IMPORTANT.
WHAT ARE WE
WATCHING,
SIMON?

IT'S A TOP
SECRET FILE I
EXTRACTED FROM
THINKTANK'S
COMPUTERS, AND
YOU WERE
RIGHT.

THEY WERE
FIGHTING
PITT.*

I DETECTED THEIR
SIGNAL LAST NIGHT.
IT TOOK ME TWO
HOURS, BUT I
MANAGED TO DECODE
IT AND TRACE IT TO
THINKTANK RESEARCH
LABORATORIES HERE
IN NEW YORK.

I KNEW IT
HAD TO BE A
COVER-UP. THOSE
M3 BATTLESUITS
WERE LITERALLY
RIPPED APART.

YOU'D THINK THEY
WOULD LEARN THEIR
LESSON, BUT THEY'RE
ON THE MOVE
AGAIN.

"SEE 'PITT' IN THE BLOOD."

THEY'RE HEADING
NORTH-WEST INTO
CANADA.



THEN, SO
IS PITT. I'LL
ASSEMBLE A
TEAM.



PURSUED BY THE RISING
SUN, DRIVEN BY AN UN-
SHAKEABLE DETERMINATION,
PITT FORGES NORTH-WEST—

—OBLIVIOUS TO
THE FACT THAT HE'S
NOT ALONE—

THERE HE IS...
TARGET CONFIRMED.
LOCKING ON.
READY...FIRE!!

ALLRIIGHT!!
THAT'S TEN POINTS
FOR A CONFIRMED
HIT! HE'S GOING
DOWN.

BELOW.



THE DAYLIGHT HOURS ARE FEW THIS TIME OF YEAR, AND THESE FARMERS HAVE BEEN UP SINCE 4 A.M.

THE HARVEST IS COMPLETE; NOW COMES THE TASK OF HALLING THE GRAIN FOR SALE.

--PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH FOR SOME MUCH NEEDED RELIEF.



THERE ARE TWO MORE TRUCKLOADS LEFT, SO THE MEN WORK CONTINUOUSLY--



THEY PLAN TO BE ON THE ROAD BY 7:30.



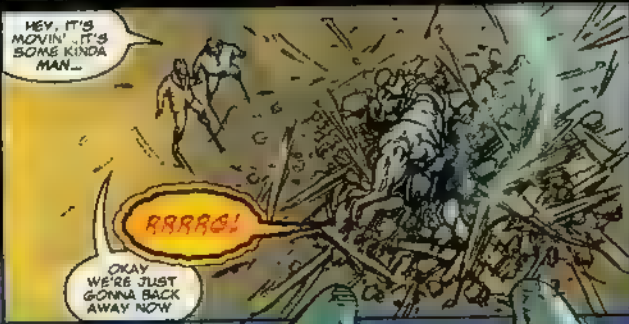
THAT PLAN IS ABOUT TO CHANGE.





WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS? A METEOR?

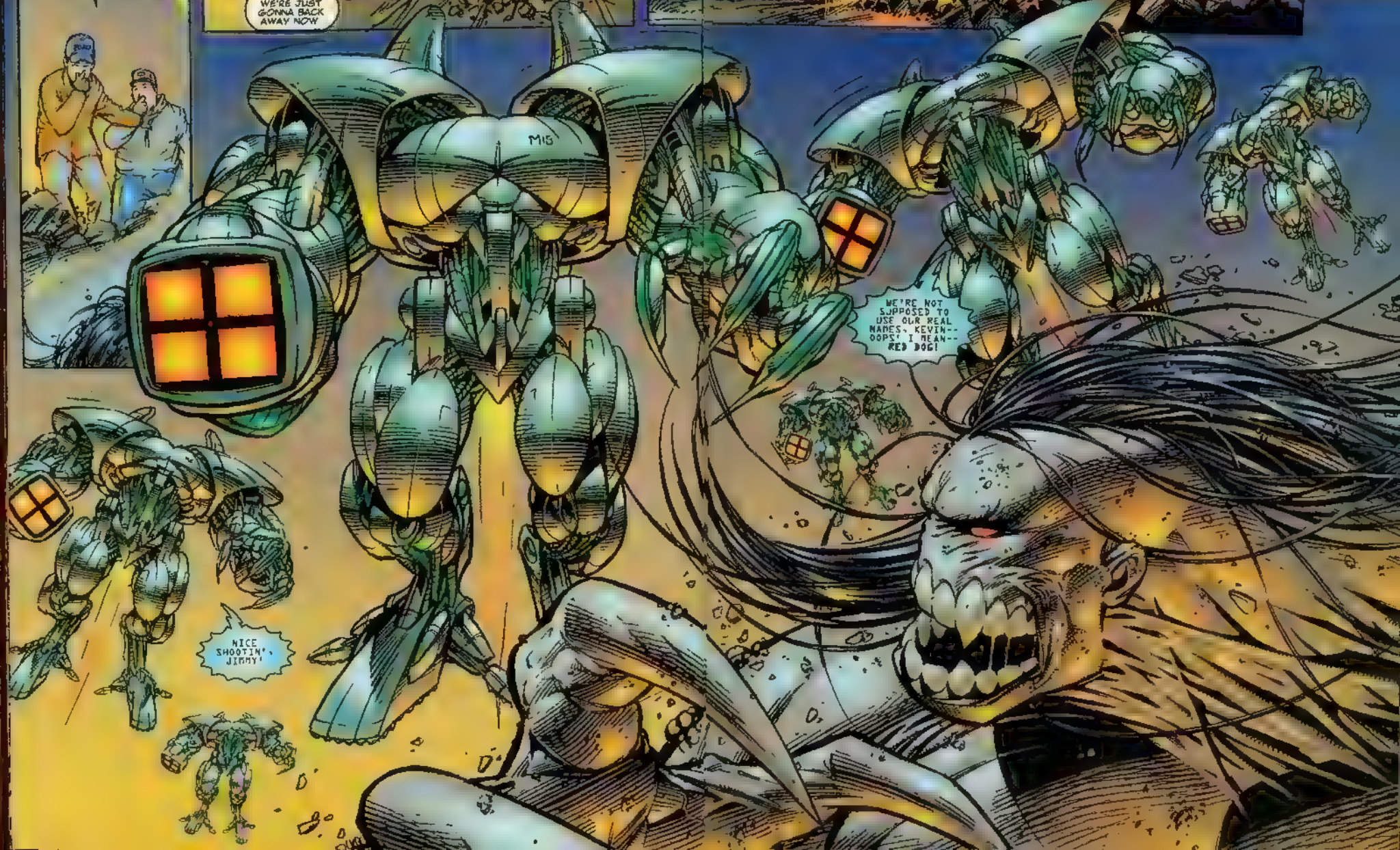
I DON'T KNOW, BUT-- FEE-YEW! THAT DIDN'T NEED TO GET CHURNED UP!



HEY, IT'S MOVIN'! IT'S SOME KINDA MAN...

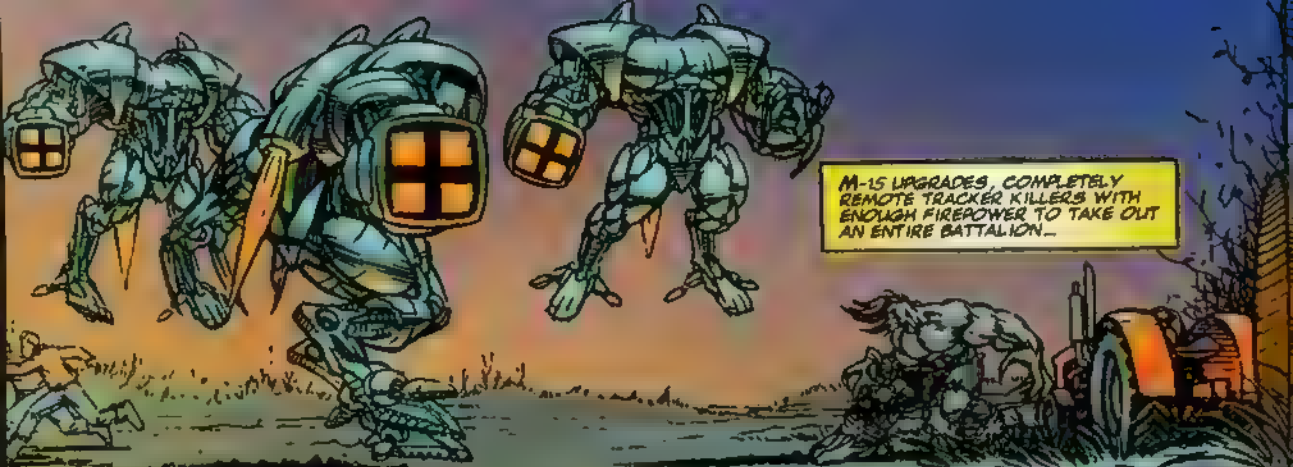
RRRRG!

OKAY, WE'RE JUST GONNA BACK AWAY NOW



WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO USE OUR REAL NAMES, KEVIN-- OOPS! I MEAN-- RED DOG!

NICE SHOOTIN', JIMMY!



M-15 UPGRADES, COMPLETELY
REMOTE TRACKER KILLERS WITH
ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO TAKE OUT
AN ENTIRE BATTALION...



...AND MAYBE,
ONE LONE
WARRIOR.

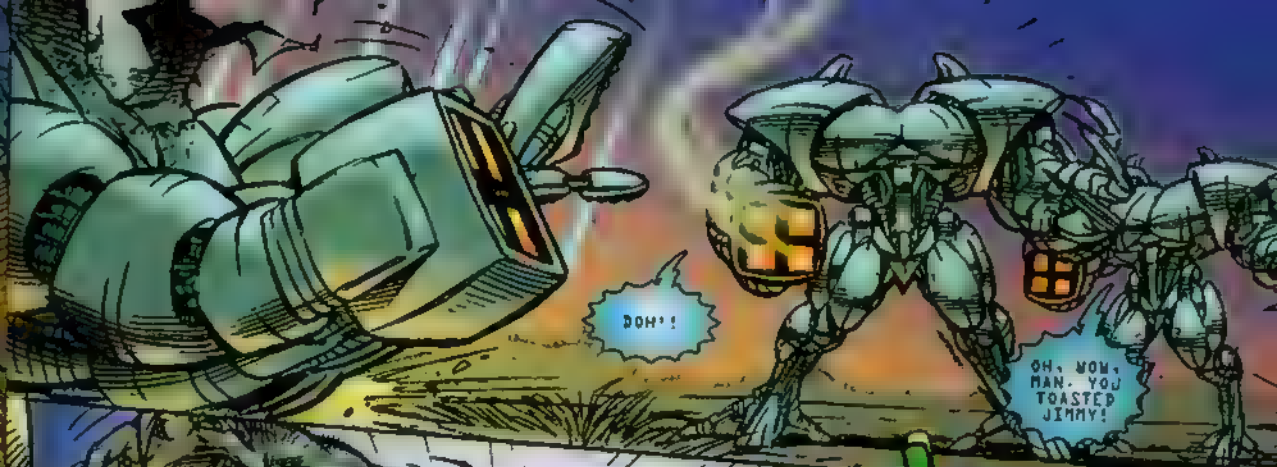


GUYS!
GUYS! CHECK
IT OUT!

HOLD
STILL, I'LL
GET 'EM.

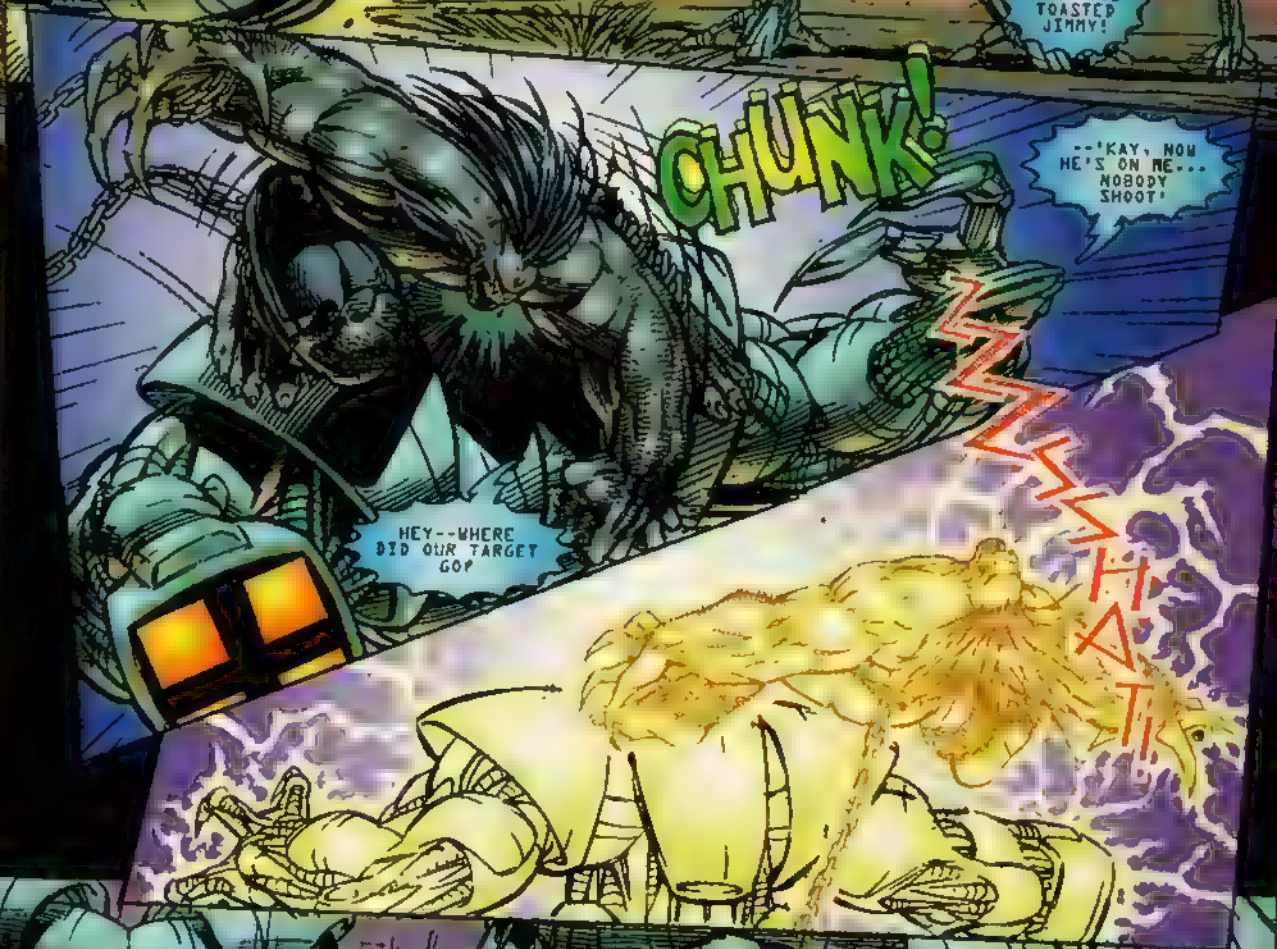


BAKADOM!



DOH!!

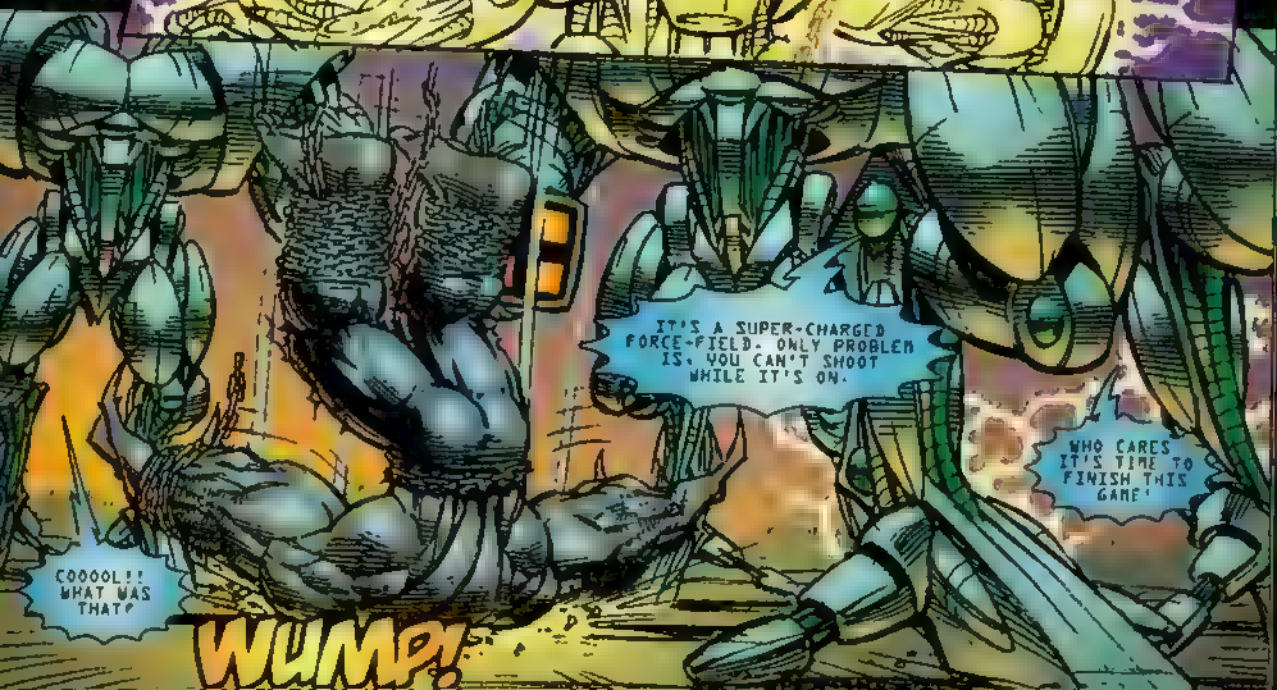
OH, WOW,
MAN. YOU
TOASTED
JIMMY!



CHUNK!

HEY--WHERE
DID OUR TARGET
GO?

--'KAY, NOW
HE'S ON ME...
NOBODY
SHOOT!



IT'S A SUPER-CHARGED
FORCE-FIELD. ONLY PROBLEM
IS, YOU CAN'T SHOOT
WHILE IT'S ON.

WHO CARES
IT'S TIME TO
FINISH THIS
GAME!

COOOOL!!
WHAT WAS
THAT?

WUMP!



WE'VE INTERCEPTED A GROUND TRANSMISSION A PRANTIC FARMER ON H.S. CEL-PHONE CLAIMS TO BE IN THE MIDST OF "WAR OF THE WORLDS".

A XIOM'S SEEKERCRAFT.

SOUNDS LIKE THINKTANK IS WASTING NO TIME. WHAT'S OUR ETA., SHIRO?

SHOULD BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES.

GOOD. I'LL CHECK IN WITH HEADQUARTERS.

SIMON, YOU READ ME?

CRYSTAL CLEAR, RA-KEE.

I CAN'T SEEM TO LOCATE ANYONE TO INVESTIGATE THINKTANK RESEARCH LAB...

I'LL GO!

SORRY, N.V., IT'S TOO SOON. PROFESSOR HOLDSWORTH WAS YOUR FATHER AND...

--AND, WHAT?! LOOK! ALL WE KNOW IS MY FATHER WAS BRAINWASHED BY THAT ZOYVOD CREATURE--

--AND AFTER THAT FLASCO IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND...

I'M NOT MY FATHER! I-CAN HANDLE THIS

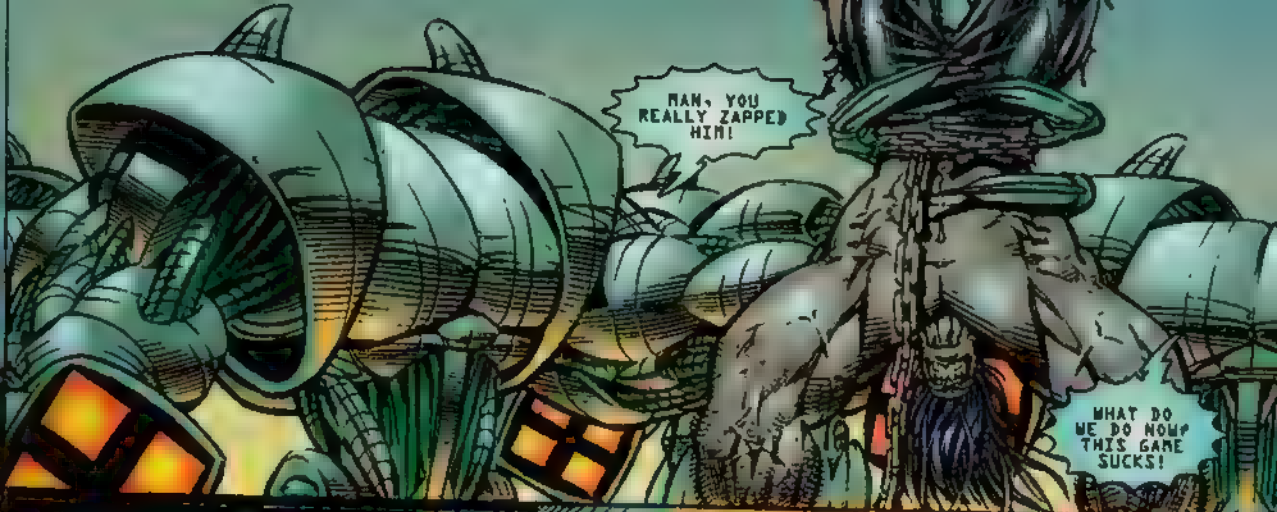
NOT ALONE, YOU CAN'T!

FINE. I'LL BRING SAURAS. IF WE TAKE ONE OF THOSE IMPOUNDED MILITIA SHIPS WE CAN GET THERE IN TEN MINUTES

VERY WELL. HAVE IT YOUR WAY, N.V.

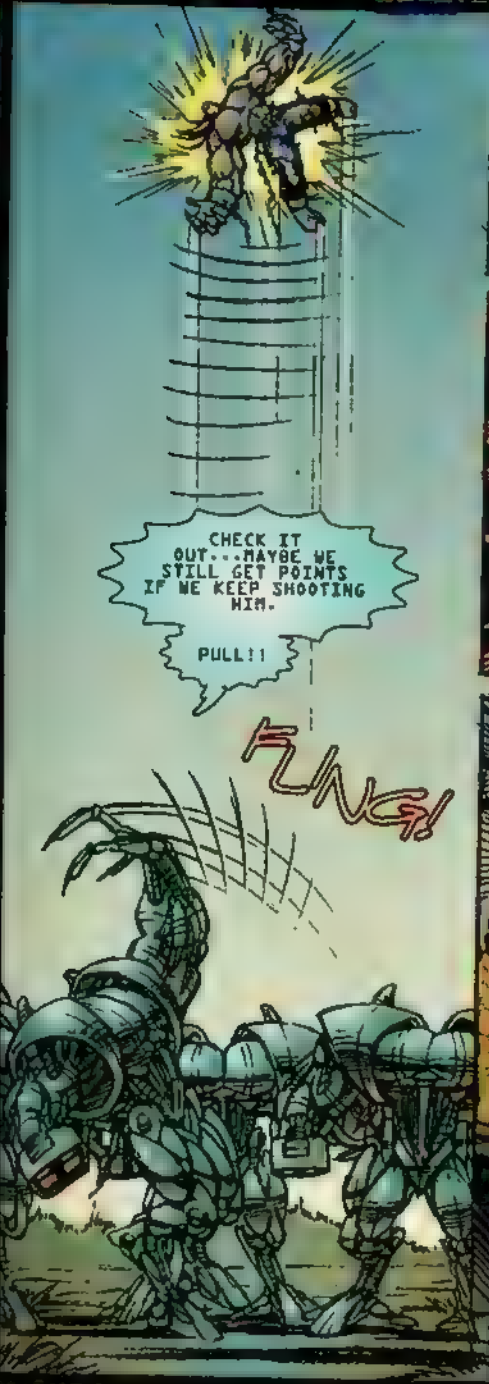
SAURAS, DO YOU WANT TO GO FOR A RIDE?





HAN, YOU
REALLY ZAPPED
HIM!

WHAT DO
WE DO NOW?
THIS GARE
SUCKS!



CHECK IT
OUT...MAYBE WE
STILL GET POINTS
IF WE KEEP SHOOTING
HIM.

PULL!!

FLING!



EHOOM!

EHOOM!

EHOOM!

EHOOM!

EHOOM!

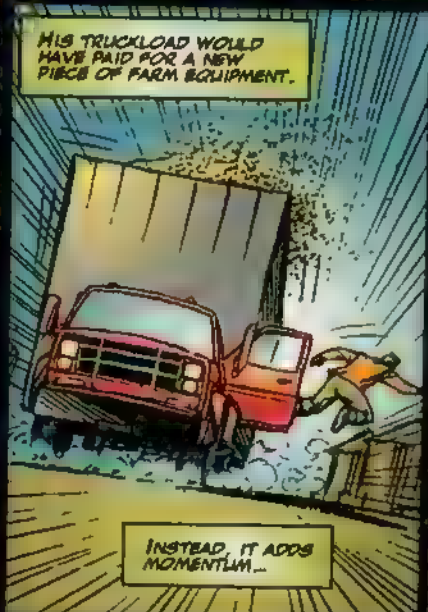
EHOOM!

EHOOM!

HEY--
THIS IS
FUN!!



I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH!



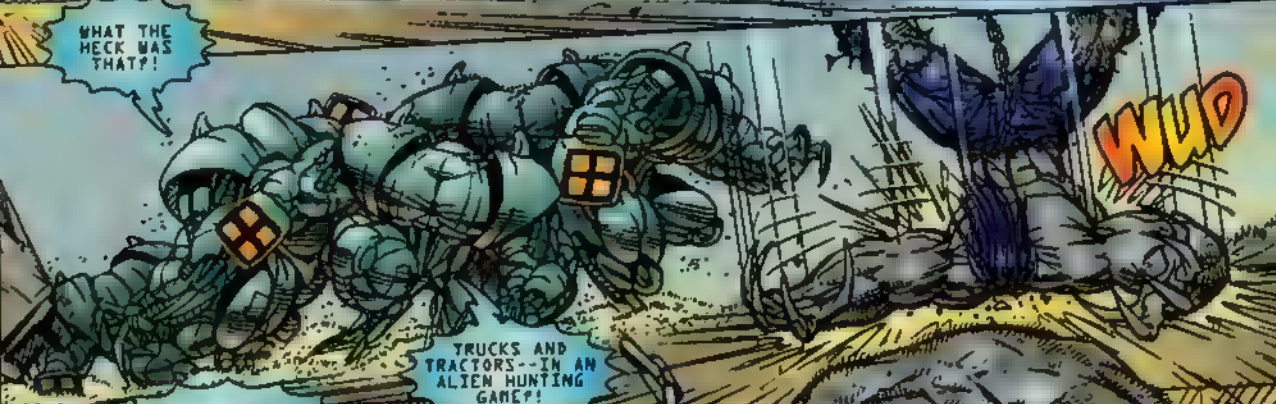
HIS TRUCKLOAD WOULD
HAVE PAID FOR A NEW
PIECE OF FARM EQUIPMENT.

INSTEAD, IT ADDS
MOMENTUM...



...FOR ITS' NEW
FOUND PURPOSE.

CHAM!

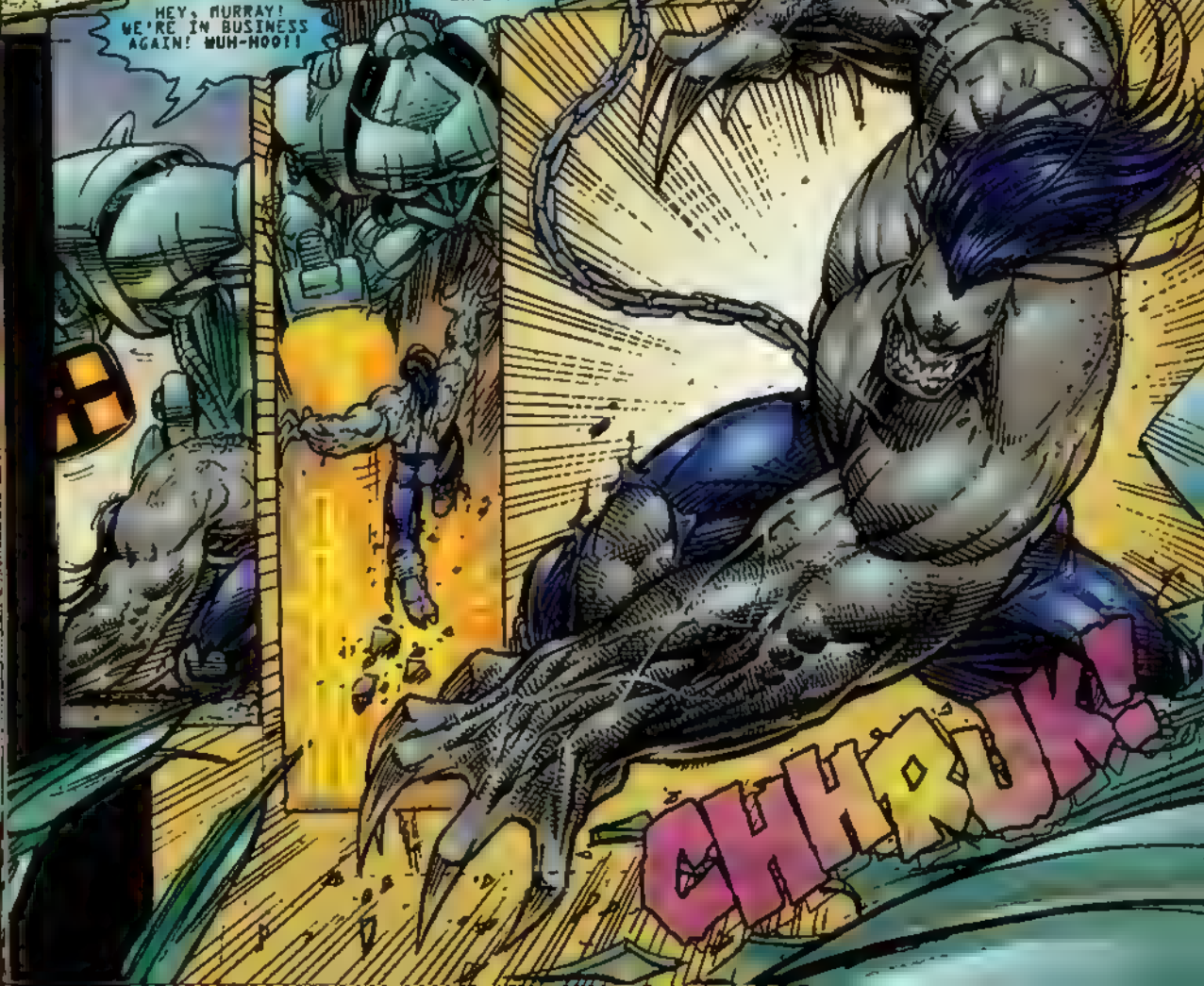


WHAT THE
HECK WAS
THAT?!

WUD

TRUCKS AND
TRACTORS--IN AN
ALIEN HUNTING
GAME?!

HEY, MURRAY!
WE'RE IN BUSINESS
AGAIN! WUH-HOO!!



CHHRUK!

FRUNCH!

WITH SWIFT
PRECISION...

PITT GOES
FOR THE SURE
KILL.

FOR ALL WE KNOW,
THESE WAR MACHINES
ARE MANNED. IT MAKES
NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM.

SHU
K

SHU
K

THERE IS NO
HUMANITY HERE.

JUST THE
COMPULSION TO
DESTROY ANYTHING
THAT GETS IN THE
WAY.

NEW YORK CITY,
THINKTANK RESEARCH
LABORATORIES.

BEFORE FATHER WENT
MISSING, HE INCORPORATED
YOUR T.C.A.* INTO YOUR
AXIOM FLIGHT-VEST. HOW
IS IT WORKING?

GOOD! NOW
I CAN LOOK
COOL LIKE YOU,
N.V.!!

THERE ARE BAD
PEOPLE HERE, SAURAS.
I JUST HOPE THIS
ROOF ISN'T WIRED
FOR INTRUDERS.

*TEMPERATURE CONTROL APPARATUS

THIS SHOULD
BYPASS THE ALARM
SYSTEM SO WE CAN
ENTER UNDETECTED.

SAURAS...
IF YOU'LL OPEN
THE DOOR...

HMM. SEEMS WE
CAN WALK AROUND
FREELY. THIS PLACE
LOOKS DESERTED.

I'M
HUNGRY.

MURRAY
WHERE ARE
YOU?

SAURAS
DO YOU HEAR
THAT?

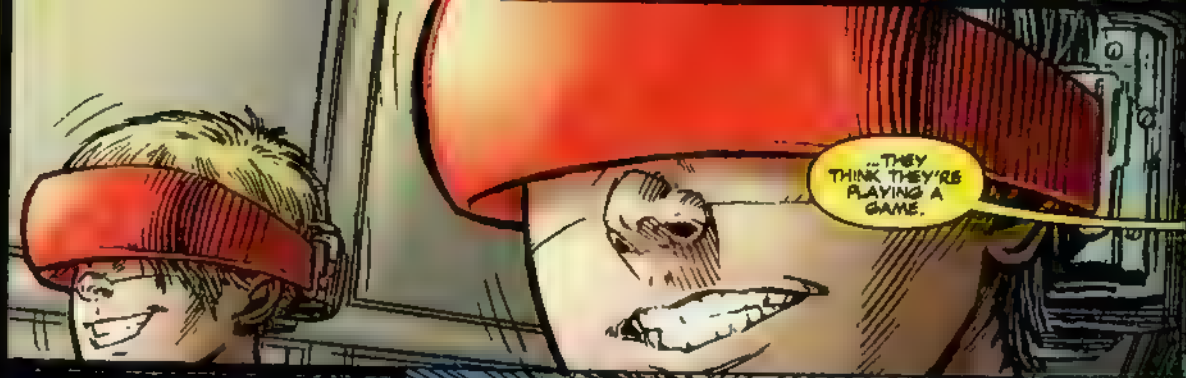
SOUNDS
LIKE...

WHA--?

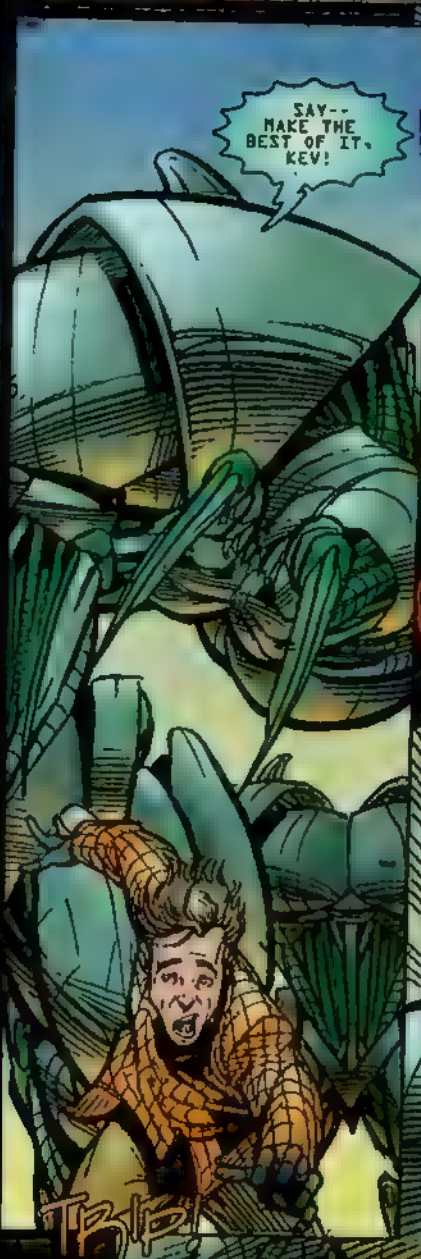
...KIDS.

FOLLOW ME,
KEV, I'M GOING
AFTER THE
FARMER!!

OH--
M'GOD...



THEY
THINK THEY'RE
PLAYING A
GAME.



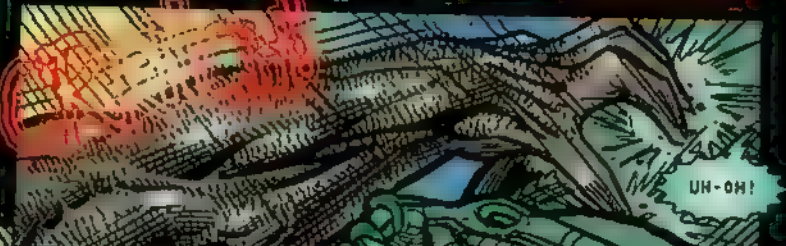
SAY--
MAKE THE
BEST OF IT.
KEV!



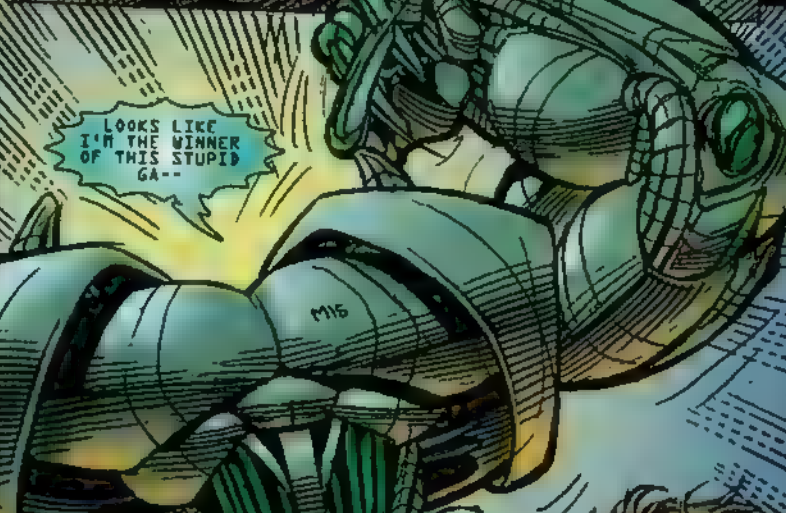
LET'S
NAIL THESE
GUYS.

M16

BUT I
THINK THAT
TRUCK KNOCKED
OUT MY
DEFENSES.



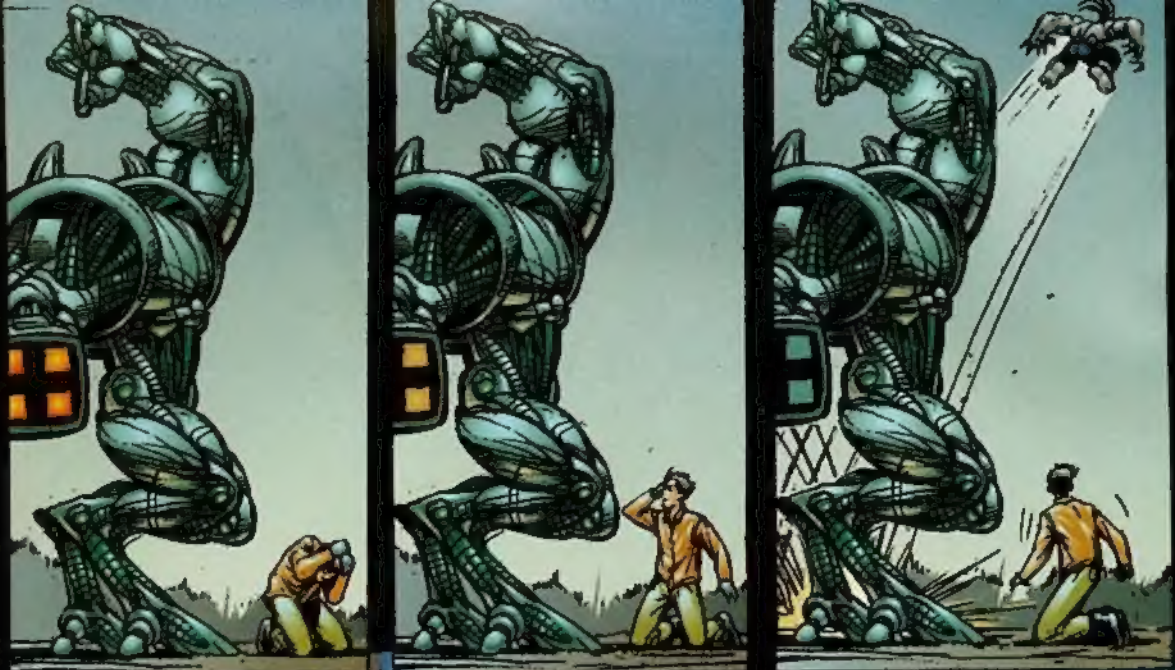
UH-OH!



LOOKS LIKE
I'M THE WINNER
OF THIS STUPID
GA--



TRIP!



HEY, WHAT
HAPPENED? I
WAS JUST ABOUT
TO WIN.



ISN'T THIS
A SCHOOL DAY,
BOYS?

DEEZ ARE
DA BAD
PEOPLE?



YOU'RE IN FOR
IT NOW, LADY.
WE'RE SUPPOSED
T'BE DOIN' THIS.



...AND WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
DOING THIS!

OWW!!

I THINK YOUR
PARENTS WILL BE
INTERESTED IN YOUR
WHEREABOUTS.

ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING...

WE SHOULD BE EXPECTING COMPANY ANY TIME NOW, SALRAS.

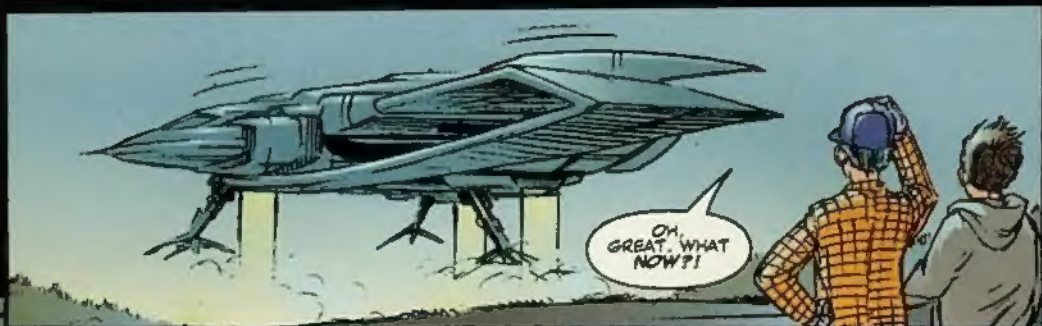
WHO ARE THESE INTERLOPERS?

THEY'RE AXIOM, SIR. I'M AFRAID THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY REQUIRED TO POWER OUR SIGNAL MUST HAVE TIPPED THEM OFF.

WE WERE WARNED OF THIS, SIR. SHALL I SEND IN SECURITY?

NO. LET THEM RETURN THE CHILDREN TO THEIR HOMES. NOONE WILL BELIEVE THEM ANYWAY.





OH,
GREAT. WHAT
NOW?!

YOU SAY THEY
WERE OPERATED
BY REMOTE
CONTROL?

YES, BY ELEVEN-YEAR-OLDS,
NO LESS! SIMON SAYS N.V. AND
SAURAS ARE DELIVERING THEM TO
THEIR FAMILIES AS WE SPEAK. APPARENTLY
THEY WERE LURED TO THINKTANK LABS
UNDER THE PRETENSE THAT THEY'D BE
TESTING A STATE-OF-THE-ART
VIDEO GAME.

VERY
REALISTIC.

THE KIDS
HAD NO IDEA
THEY WERE
FIGHTING AN
ACTUAL
BATTLE!

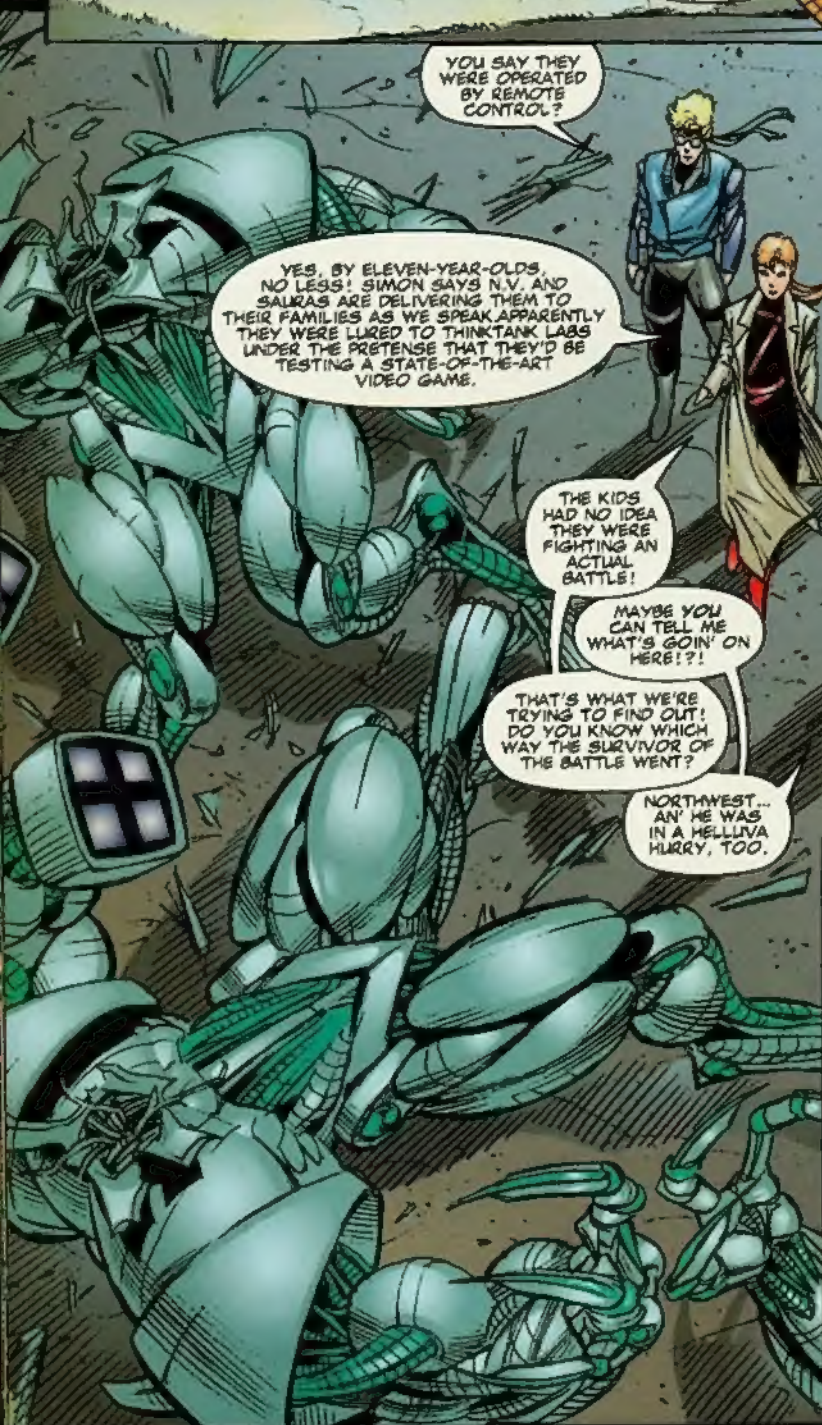
MAYBE YOU
CAN TELL ME
WHAT'S GOIN' ON
HERE!?!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
TRYING TO FIND OUT!
DO YOU KNOW WHICH
WAY THE SURVIVOR OF
THE BATTLE WENT?

NORTHWEST...
AN' HE WAS
IN A HELLUVA
HURRY, TOO.

WHERE DO YOU THINK
HE'S GOING, RAI-KEE?

THE REAL
QUESTION
IS NOT
"WHERE"
SHIRO, BUT
"WHY" !!





NORTHWEST COAST
OF CANADA...

THIS STRETCH
IS NO STRANGER
TO BLACK DEATH.



IT USUALLY PRESENTS
ITSELF AS A POD OF
STRANDED KILLER WHALES,
OR A VICIOUS EBONY
SLUDGE, COATING AND
SUFFOCATING ITS
VICTIMS.

BUT NEVER HAVE
THESE BEACHES
GIVEN WAY TO
ANYTHING SO
DARK...



...SO
VILE...

SO
WROTH!!

**CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE!**